E. Dayes del.

T. Tegg Sculp.

"Sir if you was not my Officer
I would extinguish you."

BRITISH MUSEUM
15 APR 61

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# THE NEWEST
# *Sprightly Jester,*

OR

## *LAUGH AND GROW FAT;*

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## BRILLIANT COLLECTION

OF ALL THAT IS

*Lively, Entertaining, and Facetious*

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ORIGINAL JESTS,
SMART PUNS,
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IRISH BULLS,

FUNNY ANECDOTES,
LIVELY REPARTEES,
HUMOUROUS JOKES,
DIVERTING POETRY,

And various other pleasing Witticisms,

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*Plummer, Printer, Seething-lane, Tower Street.*

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### *A Hog the only Gentleman,*

Dr. Franklin, when last in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro servant, when the doctor was making the tour of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c—"Every thing, massa, *work* in this country, *water* work, *wind* work, *fire* work, *smoke* work, *dog* work, [he had before noticed the last at Bath] *man* work, *bullock* work, *horse* work, *ass* work: every thing work here but the *hog!* he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day! the *hog* be the only *gentleman* in England."

### *The White Mice.*

Those in the least acquainted with the character of Dr. Goldsmith, know that œconomy and foresight were not amongst the catalogue of his virtues. In the suit of his pensioners (and he generally enlarged the list as he enlarged his finances) was the late unfortunate John Pilkington, of scribbling memory, who had served the doctor so many tricks, that he despaired of getting any more money from him, without coming out with a chef-d'œuvre once for all. He accordingly called on the doctor one

morning, and running about the room in a fit of joy, told him his fortune was made! "How so, Jack?" says the doctor. "Why," says Jack, "the Duchess of Marlborough, you must know, has long had a strange penchant for a pair of white mice; and as I knew they were sometimes to be had in the East-Indies, I commissioned a friend of mine, who was going out then, to get them for me, and he this morning arrived with two of the most beautiful little animals in nature." After Jack had finished this account with a transport of joy, he lengthened his visage, by telling the doctor all was ruined, for without two guineas to buy a cage for the mice, he could not present them. The doctor, unfortunately, as he said himself, had but half a guinea in the world, which he offered to lend him. But Pilkington was not to be beat out of his scheme; he perceived the doctor's watch hanging up in his room, and, after premising on the indelicacy of the proposal, hinted, that "if he could spare that watch for a week, he could raise a few guineas on it, which he would pay him with gratitude. The doctor would not be the means of spoiling a man's fortune for such a trifle. He accordingly took down the watch, and gave it to him; which Jack immediately took to the pawnbroker's, raised what he could on it, and never once looked after the doctor, till he sent to borrow another half guinea from him on his death bed, which the doctor very generously sent him.

*Comedy.*

Mr. R——s, a dramatic author, on presenting a comedy to one of the theatres, assured the manager, that it was a production by no means to be *laughed* at.

*A Hog*

*Appendix to the Life of Jack the Giant-Killer.*

When that distinguished duelist G. R. Fitzgerald was in Paris, the English ambassador introduced him to the French king: prior to which introduction the ambassador informed his majesty, Mr. Fitzgerald was a gentleman of such amazing prowess, that he fought thirty duels, and behaved equally brave and honourable in all of them. "Then I think," says the king with a smile, "this gentleman's life would make an admirable appendix to your renowned countryman's history, JACK THE GIANT-KILLER."

*Remarkable Bravery.*

A fellow hearing the drums beat up for volunteers to go in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon listed himself; returning again, he was asked by his friends, what exploits he had done there? He said, That he had *cut off one of the enemy's legs;* and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head: Oh, said he, you must know *his head was cut off before.*

*Epigram.*

When Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,
His wife was plaist'ring deary's head;
Who sigh'd but dare not shake it!—
'Tis well TOM's pace is something slower;
For had he come an hour before,
He'd seen the vixen break it.

*A Detection.*

A clever young fellow being at dinner at a friend's house, and observing one of the company

slily pocket a table spoon, let it pass till he prepared to take his leave; and then marching up to the sideboard, took one and put it through his button-hole. Upon being asked his motive for so curious a manœuvre, he replied, "I saw my neighbour here at dinner put a spoon in his pocket: and, supposing it was a customary thing at this house, I preferred taking mine away in my button-hole."

It should have been mentioned first, that the same gentleman, during dinner, having observed that the top dish of fish was not quite so fresh as might have been wished, took one, and put it to his mouth, and then to his ear. The lady of the house having asked him the reason, he answered, "I had a brother who was shipwrecked the day before yesterday, so was asking if the fish could give any information concerning his body, to which it replied, it knew nothing of the transaction, not having been at sea these *three weeks.*"

*A Pillory Conversation.*

An English and a French gentleman had a dispute which nation most excelled in wit. The English gentleman insisted that it was common here among the very mob; and to convince the other of the English superiority, he carried him to Charing-cross, where a man stood in the pillory for keeping a disorderly house. The populace looking on it as an inconsiderable offence, they did not throw any thing at, or ill-treat him, as is usual for crimes of a different nature; therefore the fellow was quite easy and unconcerned, and lifted the upper part of the pillory, sometimes higher, and then let it lower again, just to suit himself.

Upon

Upon which, one of the spectators, who stood there with a load upon his head, seeing the offender so dexterous, said, "It is my opinion this fellow has served his time to the pillory, he is so handy about it." To which a droll rogue in a leather apron replied, "Served his time to it! You may be sure he has; do you not see that he has set up for himself?" "Set up!" said another, "how can that be set up, when he stands?" "Why you foolish dog," rejoined the second who spoke, "do you not know it is a standing business?" And now a fellow in a woollen cap calls out to the man in the pillory, "Harkee, cocky," said he, "had you not rather the jokes should fly about than the rotten eggs?" "Aye, sure, master," replies the man, "though it was on account of some sort of jokes I got my head into this hole." At this time a barrow woman added one more to the assembly; when a porter accosts her with, "Well, Moll, what brought you here?" To which she returned, "Curiosity, and my legs, Jack; now I hope the fool's answered." "Fool!" says the fellow, "what do you mean by that, you slut?" "Why," rejoined she, "you must be a fool because you can neither read nor write." "Very true," answered the porter, "but I can set my mark;" and immediately striking her in the face, gave her a black eye: this brought on a battle between the porter and a man who took the woman's part; when the Frenchman, seeing the English fight like bull-dogs, said, "The English shine in *war* as well as *wit*."

### *A Pot I carry.*

There was a notable fat apothecary revelling at a tavern in Fleet-street; and, when his comrades had

had given him his load, they sought for one to carry him home. A porter was found, to convey him in a basket. He got him up with much trouble, and coming to Temple-bar, the gates were shut, for it was twelve at night. The porter knocks, the keeper comes, and desires to know his business. The porter answers, "A thing of great weight." Upon seeing the basket, the keeper asked what was in it, the porter answered, "*A Pot I carry.*"

### *A Pair of Spectacles.*

Two brothers coming once to be executed for some enormous crime, the eldest was turned of first, without speaking one word; the other, mounting the ladder, began to harangue the crowd, whose ears were attentively open to hear him, expecting some confession of importance. "Good people," says he, "my brother hangs before my face, and you see what a lamentable spectacle he makes; in a few moments I shall be turned off too, and then you will see *a pair of spectacles.*"

### *The Watch.*

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man that had stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at *ten-pence;* upon which, the prosecutor cries out, "*Ten-pence,* my lord! why the very *fashion* of it cost me *five pounds.*" "Oh," says his lordship, "we must not hang a man for *fashion's sake.*"

### *Heraldry.*

Mr. Quick happened to be in company with a gentleman whose father was a *footman,* when heraldry became the subject of conversation: the gentleman observed, "he had seen his arms on a baronet's

baronet's carriage of his name, and they must be related." "No doubt," said the wit, "your family, Sir, is pretty extensive: your father's *arms* must have been upon many carriages."

*No distinction at the Gallows.*

A highwayman and a chimney-sweeper were condemned to be hanged the same day at Tyburn, the first for an exploit on the highway, the latter for a more ignoble robbery. The highwayman was dressed in scarlet, and mounted the cart with alacrity; the chimney-sweeper followed him slowly. While the clergyman was praying with fervour, the gay robber was attentive; and the other approached near to his fellow-sufferer to partake of the same benefit, but met with a repulsive look from his companion, which kept him at some distance. But forgetting this angry warning, he presumed still to come nearer; when the highwayman, with some disdain, said, "Keep farther off, can't you?"—"Sir," replied sweep, "I *won't* keep off; and let me tell you, I have as much *right* to be *here* as you."

*May-Day.*

Through the streets on May-day you have seen without doubt
In sooty procession, a chimney-sweep rout,
With a garland of bushes parade;
Dress'd in barristers three-tail'd perukes from rag-fair,
With lac'd coats, and lac'd hats, all of gilt paper ware,
And chalk paint on their chubby cheeks laid.
Thus gaily bedight, they dance jigs at your door;
And a concert of shovel and brush goes before!

If ever you laugh, you to laugh must be stirr'd,
At exertion so awkward, and pride so absurd,
With so trifling advantage in view;
But should you advise, with however grave face,
Any one to abandon his music and lace,
He would laugh as profusely at you!
In comparing importance, thro' life's whole career,
*We are all to ourselves—that we think we appear!*

*The London Advertisement-makers out-done.*

A provincial attorney lately advertised an estate for sale, or to be exchanged for another, in the following terms: "That he is appointed *plenipotentiary* to *treat* in this business; that he has ample *credentials*, and is prepared to *ratify his powers*; that he will enter in *preliminaries*, either upon the principle of the *status quo*, or *uti posidetis*; that he is ready to receive the *projet* of any person desirous to make the purchase or exchange, and to deliver his *contre-projet* and *sine qua non*, and indeed at once to give his *ultimatum!*—assuring the public, that as soon as the *definitive treaty* shall be *concluded*, it will be *ratified* by his constituents, and duly *guaranteed*."

*The Cranes.*

Messier Currado, of Naples, had a servant named Chinchillo, who one night, to treat his mistress, cut off the leg of a crane which was roasting for his master's supper, who thereupon asked him what was become of the crane's other leg. Chinchillo immediately swore that cranes had but one leg. The next morning, as he was riding behind his master, he made him, in order to convince him he was right, observed several cranes at roost upon one

one leg; but his master shouting, they put down the other leg; whereupon Chinchillo perceiving that his master was angry, cried out, "How lucky it was that you did not shout last night, for your crane would have put down the other leg, and have flown away as these did, and your supper would have gone too."—Currado laughed, and Chinchilly escaped.

*The Wisdom of Solomon—a Fact.*

Mr. Charles ——, who was several years in the T——y, used every morning, as he came from his lady-mother's to the office, to pass by the canal in the park, and feed the ducks with bread or corn, which he brought in his pocket for that purpose. One morning having called his affectionate friends, the duckey duckey duckeys, he found, unfortunately, that he had forgot them. "Poor duckeys!" he cried, "I am sorry I am in a hurry, and cannot get you some bread; but here is sixpence for you to buy some;" and thereupon threw a sixpence to the ducks, which one of them gobbled up. At the office he very *wisely* told the whole of the story to some gentlemen, with whom he was to dine. There being ducks for dinner, one of the gentlemen ordered a sixpence to be put into the belly of one of them, which he gave to Charles to cut up: our hero was surprised at finding a sixpence among the seasoning; enraged, he bid the waiter send up his master, whom he saluted with the epithets of rascal and scoundrel, and swore bitterly he would have him prosecuted for robbing the king of his ducks; "for," says he, "Gentlemen, this *very* morning did I give this sixpence to one of the ducks in the canal in St. James's Park."

Park." One of the gentlemen in the secret assured him it was a mistake, for that the ducks then on the table came from a friend of his at St. Alban's; on which Charles asked pardon, and peace was restored to the company.

*Epigram*

*Miserum est alienæ incumbere Famæ.* JUV.

" My *ancestors* acquir'd a name
That brilliant decks the roll of Fame;
Laurels in war my *grandsire* won;
My *father* in the senate shone;
My ——" " Stop, Sir:—say what *you* have done!"
" Done!—all their honours I inherit!"
" True, great Sir: *all*—except their MERIT!"

*The Reproof.*

A person was mulcted in a large sum by some understrappers of the state. He complained to the chief magistrate, who was indolent, and attended not to his petition. The man went to him repeatedly. At length the magistrate was angry, and said, " How long wilt thou make my head ache with thy complaints?" " The man replied, " My lord, thou art our *head*, where else can I go?" The magistrate stood reproved, and redressed his grievance.

*Partnership extended.*

A tradesman, in the town of Birmingham, complains heavily of his wife and partner, and not without reason; he forewarns all persons from trusting his wife, Ann Martin, " as she is more conformable to Richard Southall than to him." This is surely carrying partnership beyond the usual bounds.

*Epigram on a Painter's bringing home a Sign to a Citizen.*

" Lord!" cries the cit, " the painter's mad!
I said a cross; and not a head:"
" A cross, I own," says he, " you said,
The greatest too, that could be made:
'Tis here———for, Sir, upon my life,
I know no greater than *my wife*."

*The Rights of Man.*

A country gentleman, on hearing that several persons were punished for selling the *Rights of Man*, protested that he knew no punishment too great for those who dared to SELL *the Rights of Man*.

*Sleep.*

Mr. Ogilvy, a Scottish clergyman, at Lunan in Forfarshire, had a great deal of eccentricity in his character and manner. One Sunday, when he was in the middle of his sermon, an old woman who kept an ale-house in the parish, fell asleep: her neighbour jogged her, in order to waken her. The parson seeing this, said—" I'll waken her fast enough.—*Phew.*—(whistling)—*Janet! a bottle of ale and a dram!*"—" *Coming, Sir.*"

*Epitaph on a Physician.*

Here *Doctor Fisher* lies interr'd,
Who fill'd the half of the church-yard.

*Dr. Walker.*

Dr. Walker, professor of natural history at Edinburgh, a man of great science, and also of great worth, is not a little finical in dress. His

hair-dressing was, till lately that he got a wig, the work of two or three hours every day. Once when he was travelling from Moffat, where he was then minister, to pay a visit to the late Sir James Clerk, of Pennicuick, he stopped at a country barber's shop on the way, in order to have his hair dressed. The barber, who, although he had often heard of his customer, but was unacquainted with his person, did all that he could to obey the numerous directions which he received; with astonishing patience did he for three hours curl, uncurl, friz, and labour at the doctor's hair; at "ngh, however, he could not avoid exclaiming, il Why, in all my life I never heard of a man so l to please as you, *except the mad Minister of Moffat.*"

*Oratory.*

An eminent holderforth among a set of christians in a northern county, some time ago, preached a sermon for the edification of his *little flock*, from the following text:—"But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." After he had almost exhausted his *eloquence* on this subject, and being fearful least the comprehension of his hearers had not kept pace with his *oratory*, he concluded the whole by repeating his text, with an additional remark.—"But" said he, "seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you, *like paper and packthread, which you always get given over at the grocer's shop, when you lay out your money.*"

*Famine*

*Famine Out-faminized.*

By the master of a Danish brig, just arrived, we hear a letter is received from an English gentleman in Paris, of which the following is the substance:

" I have often expressed my surprize at the ignorance betrayed in the London newspapers, when they pretend to give accounts of the state of affairs here. You may be assured, my dear Sir, that we are far from being in the flourishing situation they are pleased to represent. For six weeks past Paris has been one undivided and uninterrupted scene of famine, which exceeds any thing of the kind ever heard of; and if Paris is so, you may form a judgment of the unhappy state of the other parts of the kingdom.

" It has, in particular, been said, that our bread was made of chopped straw or hay.—Alas! nothing of that kind of luxury have I been able to procure: the best bread now to be had is made of rotten beans, of wood, and old coffin boards, rasped fine, and mixed with soap-lather. This is 200 livres per pound, and very scarce at that price. As to butchers' meat, before it disappeared totally, a pound of beef sold for an assignat of 500 livres, and I saw a diamond ring of great value given in exchange for a calf's pluck.

" Occasional variations, but very slight ones, will take place, but the following is I believe the average price of our markets, if I may call them so. Dog's flesh, 50 livres a pound; cat's ditto, 80 livres; a good sized rat, 30 livres; a brace of mice, 30 livres; a seaman's biscuit, fresh 100 livres; ditto, with worms, 50 livres; milk per

pint, 40 livres: the few cows that yield it, are obliged to have a guard of 200 soldiers each, for their protection day and night; wine, the smallest sort, 300 livres per bottle. Poultry has long since disappeared, but a crow fetches 50 livres; and a parrot, killed by accident, a few days ago, was sold for double that price." 1795

*Epigram.*

When man and woman die, as poets sung,
His *heart's* the last part moves, her last, the *tongue*.

*Another.*

Some gallipots falling, (a well-tim'd disaster)
Broke his head while poor *Syringe* was spreading a plaister.

*Poetry.*

A *poetaster*, who had at least a very good idea of his own abilities, having begged of a gentleman of taste to give him his opinion of a poem he had written, called on him for that purpose, on a cold winter afternoon, at a time when the gentleman was engaged with company. From politeness, however, he would not send our poet away, but begging the excuse of the company, he carried him into another room, where there happened to be no fire. After reading over the verses, which were insufferably long and dull, the gentleman, on being asked his opinion of them, answered, shivering, "Sir, if your verses had contained *more fire*, or more of them had *been in the fire*, I should not have felt so *uncomfortable* from them."

A young

*A young Lady in a Circulating Library.*

"Pray, my dear Mr. Page," cried a pretty lisper, looking over a catalogue, "will you let me have that dear *Man of Feeling* I have so long waited for: Well, this will do for one. I'll take 1889, *Cruel Disappointment* for another; *Reuben*, or *Suicide*, higho! No. 4746, I suppose he killed himself for love. *Seduction*, yes, I want that more than any thing. *Unguarded Moments*, ah! we all have our unguarded moments. *True Delicacy*, No. 2, that must be a silly thing by the title. *School of Virtue*, heaven knows mamma gives me enough of that: *Test of Filial Duty*, at any rate she puts me to that test pretty often. *Mental Pleasures*, worse and worse! I'll look no longer. Oh! stay a moment—*Mutual Attachment*, *Assignation*, *Frederick*, or *the Libertine*, just add these, Mr. Page, and I shall not have to come again until the day after to-morrow."

*The Courtier.*

A certain person, who certainly was a courtier, and possessed the highest possible regard for all living monarchs, but considered them as no better than any other piece of clay, when dead, had a full length picture of his own Sovereign in the principal room of his house; on his Majesty's death to save himself the expence of a fresh body and a new suit of ermine, he employed a painter to brush out the face and peruke, and clap the new king's head on his grandfather's shoulders, which he declared were in the most perfect preservation, and fully able to wear out three or four such heads as painters usually give in these degenerate days.

*Watch and Pray.*

A wag, who had been coaxed by a friend to church, where he heard a discourse (the whole tendency of which was, that we ought to watch and pray, and labour without ceasing, that we might enjoy a treasure hereafter) whispered to the ear of his friend, "that is as much as to say, make sure of h—ll while you live, and you will go to heaven, perhaps, when you die."

*A Country Apothecary.*

But soon as loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof and echoes round the walls;
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit;
With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,
Whose speed in entering speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gaping throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye:
A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills!
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance, here *
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his inverted eyes;
And some habitual queries hurried o'er
Without reply, he rushes to the door.
His drooping patient, long enur'd to pain,
And long unheeded knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave.

* The parish poorhouse.

*Catherine*

*Catherine de Medicis.*

A queen of France, it is supposed Catherine de Medicis, made a vow, that if some concerns which she had undertaken, terminated successfully, she would send a pilgrim to Jerusalem, who should walk there, and every three steps he advanced, he should go one back at every third step. It was doubtful whether there could be found a man sufficiently strong to go on foot, and of sufficient patience to back one step at every third. A citizen of Verberie offered himself, and promised to accomplish the queen's vow most scrupulously. The queen accepted this offer, and promised him an adequate recompense. He fulfilled his engagement with the greatest exactness, of which the queen was well assured by constant enquiries.

This citizen, who was a merchant, received on his return a considerable sum of money, and was ennobled. His coat of arms were a cross and a branch of palm-tree. His descendants preserved the arms, but (says our author) they degenerated by continuing that commerce which their father quitted.

*Calf, gilt.*

Lady W—— is celebrated in Scotland for wit and beauty. Happening to be at an assembly in Edinburg, a young gentleman, the son of his majesty's printer, who had the patent for publishing bibles, made his appearance, dressed in green and gold. Being a new face, and extremely elegant, he attracted the attention of the whole company. A general murmur prevailed in the room, to learn who he was; Lady W—— instantly made answer, loud enough to be heard "Oh! don't you know him,

him? it is young Bible, bound in calf and gilt—but not letter'd."

*General Paoli.*

As General Paoli was one evening walking down the Haymarket, he was accosted by an itinerant daughter of pleasure, who happened to know his face. As she was a pretty girl, he suffered her to hold his arm till he got to Spring Gardens, when he thought to disengage himself from her ladyship; but she still held him, and finding all former rhetoric lost, told him, if he would leave her, he ought to make her a present at least, as they were very nearly connected. The veteran stared, and demanded how? "Why, sir," said the girl, "you have been driven from home and lost your inheritance in defence of liberty; by being attached too much to the same cause, I am reduced to the like extremity—We are both children of liberty, and therefore ought to have a fellow-feeling for each other." The wit of the girl so much pleased the old son of Mars, that he took out his purse, and gave her a guinea.

*Rev. Rowland Hill.*

At the time this gentleman's chapel was being built, the very great attendance on an Anabaptist in the neighbourhood, by many of his own followers, caused the following smart stimulus from him: "Get on, my lad," said the reverend, "or all my chickens will be turned into ducks."

*Faith.*

A few months ago a field preacher, at Oakham, Rutlandshire, harangued his hearers from the top of an old hogshead: when, speaking on the orthodoxy

doxy of belief, just at the moment of bellowing out, "Here I stand upon the firm foundation of my faith!" the head of the hogshead burst, and he instantly disappeared.

*Fair Impression.*

A gentleman at the Rotunda, one evening seeing some wax fall from a chandelier on that part of a lady's dress who sat next to him, not a great way from her bosom, immediately took out his watch, and clapped one of the seals upon it: "Bless me, sir, what are you doing."—Only trying to make an impression upon you, madam."

*A smart Reply.*

A silly fop being in company with Lady F——, and wanting his servant, cried out "Where is my blockhead?" "Upon your shoulders," replied the lady.

*Epitaph on a Churchyard in Cornwall.*

Here lies the body of Gabriel, John,
Who dy'd in the year of one thousand and one;
Pray for the soul of Gabriel John,
You may if you please, or let it alone;
For it's all one
To Gabriel John,
Who dy'd in the year of one thousand and one.

*Freedom*

*Freedom of Speech.*

The tyrant Hijjauje *, one day in hunting, was separated from his attendants, and meeting with an Arab, said, "What sort of personage is your sovereign?" "Cruel, treacherous, blood-thirsty, and adulterous," replied the man. "Dost thou know me?" said the tyrant. "No," rejoined the Arab. "I am Hijjauje," answered he. "Dost thou know me?" said the Arab. "No," was the reply. "Know, then, that I am one of the land-holders of this desert, and the members of our family are by fatality afflicted with insanity for three days every year: this day is one of them." The tyrant smiled, though hurt, and let the Arab escape, notwithstanding his freedom.

*Necessity the Mother of Invention.*

Put a Gascon into the most difficult adventure, and he will find an issue. A cadet of that country, a subaltern officer, left the army to return home. The purse of this gentleman was very light, and was exhausted when he was fifty leagues from his residence. How shall he act? He arrived, in the evening, at a capital inn. By his manners and effrontery his purse was believed to be well garnished. "Come," said he to the landlord, "good cheer, and a good fire!" He was served to his wish. After supper he was shewed to an excellent bed. Having digested his supper and his stratagem, he arose in the middle of the night; and, by a trap door he had looked for and seen by day, he ascended the roof of the house, and hiding his breeches in an unsearchable corner, he returned to bed. On the morning he ordered the servant-girl to

* Governor of Irauk, under the caliph Abdal Malek.

*A Hog the only Gentleman.*

Dr. Franklin, when last in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro servant, when the doctor was making the tour of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c—"Every thing, massa, *work* in this country, *water* work, *wind* work, *fire* work, *smoke* work, *dog* work, [he had before noticed the last at Bath] *man* work, *bullock* work, *horse* work, *ass* work: every thing work here but the *hog!* he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day! the *hog* be the only *gentleman* in England."

*Remarkable Bravery.*

A fellow hearing the drums beat up for volunteers for France, in the expedition against the Dutch, imagined himself valiant enough, and thereupon listed himself; returning again, he was asked by his friends, what exploits he had done there? He said, That he had *cut off one of the enemy's legs;* and being told that it had been more honourable and manly to have cut off his head: Oh, said he, you must know *his head was cut off before.*

*Epigram.*

When Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,
His wife was plaist'ring deary's head;
Who sigh'd but dare not shake it!—
'Tis well Tom's pace is something slower;
For had he come an hour before,
He'd seen the vixen break it

*A Detection.*

A clever young fellow being at dinner at a friend's house, and observing one of the company slily

shly pocket a table spoon, let it pass till he prepared to take his leave; and then marching up to the sideboard, took one and put it through his button-hole. Upon being asked his motive for so curious a manœuvre, he replied, "I saw my neighbour here at dinner put a spoon in his pocket: and, supposing it was a customary thing at this house, I preferred taking mine away in my button-hole."

It should have been mentioned first, that the same gentleman, during dinner, having observed that the top dish of fish was not quite so fresh as might have been wished, took one, and put it to his mouth, and then to his ear. The lady of the house having asked him the reason, he answered, "I had a brother who was shipwrecked the day before yesterday, so was asking if the fish could give any information concerning his body, to which it replied, it knew nothing of the transaction, not having been at sea these *three weeks*."

### *A Fact!!!*

A lady, who was pregnant, passing through a town in France, while the guillotine was at work, the dreadful sight had such an effect, that at her delivery she was brought to bed of a child without a head, which, *as the story goes*, grew a fine boy, and lived many years.

### *Parliamentary Penitence.*

A gentleman some years since being obliged to ask pardon of the House of Commons upon his knees, when he rose up, brushed the knees of his smallclothes, saying, "*I never was in so dirty a house in my life.*"

*Epigram.*

Says Crispin to Nell,—" Why d'ye grumble, my dear?
*Saint* Monday our calling must ever revere!"
" True," cries Nell, " but of late I've good reason to speak,
For your saint has converted *each day* in the week!"

*Madame Helvetius.*

A lady of the world said, in speaking of her and of her husband—" They do not even pronounce the words, *my husband, my wife, my children,* like other people;" to express the affectionate union which existed between this pair.

This woman who was possessed of so much love, used incessantly to say—" I do not love women;" and she said so truly; for she found them vain, and that self-love was the passion they had much at heart.

Madame H. made a jest of pretensions to nobility, (though she was the daughter of the Count de Ligneville, and allied to the house of Lorraine.) The Mareschal de B——, her kinsman, once reproached her with not knowing her family, and not going into mourning for an illustrious relation. " I cannot tell," replied she, " whether I was of his family; but pray did he know that he belonged to mine."

She was the happiest woman because she loved the —— much; she felt her happiness, and boasted of it incessantly. The last word she spoke was to Cabonis, who was pressing her hands, already in appearance cold, and calling her, " My good

 mother!

mother;" (she died in the 80th year of her age,) to which she answered, "I am that still."

*The Adventures of the young Whipstitch.*

*A Tale.*

A London taylor, as 'tis said,
By buckram, canvass, tape, and thread,
Sleeve-linings, pockets, silk, and twist,
And all the long expensive list
With which their uncouth bills abound,
Tho' rarely in the garment found;
By these and other arts in trade,
Had soon a pretty fortune made;
And did what few had ever done,
Left *thirty thousand* to his son!

The son, a gay young swagg'ring blade,
Abhorr'd the very name of trade,
And lest reflection should be thrown
On him, resolv'd to quit the town,
And travel where he was not known.
In gilded coach and liv'ries gay,
To Oxford first he took his way;
There beaux and belles his taste admire,
His equipage and rich attire;
But nothing was so much ador'd
As his fine silver-hilted sword;
Tho' short and small, 'twas vastly neat,
The sight was deem'd a perfect treat.
Beau Ganter begg'd to have a look,
But when the sword in hand he took,
He swore by G—d it was an *odd* thing,
And look'd much like a *taylor's bodkin.*
His pride was hurt by this expression,
Thinking they knew his sire's profession;

Sheathing

Sheathing his sword he sneak'd away,
And drove for Glo'ster that same day.
There soon he found new cause for grief,
For dining off some fine roast beef,
One ask'd him which he did prefer,
Some *cabbage* or a cucumber?
The purse-proud coxcomb took the hint,
Thought it severe reflection meant;
His stomach turn'd, he could not eat,
So made an ungenteel retreat;
Next day left Glo'ster in great wrath,
And bade his coachman drive to Bath.
There he suspected fresh abuse,
Because the dinner was roast *goose*:
And that he might no more be jeer'd
Next day to Exeter he steer'd,
There with some bucks he drank about,
Until he fear'd they found him out;
His glass not full, as was the rule,
They said 'twas not a *thimble* full;
The name of thimble was enough,
He paid his reck'ning and went off.
He then to Plymouth took a trip,
And put up at the Royal Ship,
Which then was kept by Caleb Snip.
"Snip, Snip," the host was often call'd,
At which his guest was so much gall'd,
That soon to Cambridge remov'd,
There too he unsuccessful prov'd:
For tho' he fill'd his glass or cup,
He did not always drink it up:
The scholars mark'd how he behav'd,
And said a *remnant* sha'n't be sav'd.
The name of remnant gall'd him so
That he resolv'd to York he'd go;

There fill'd his bumper to the top,
And always fairly drank it up:
" Well done," says Jack, a buck of York,
" You go thro' *stitch*, Sir, with your work."
The name of stitch was such reproach,
He rang the bell, and call'd his coach.
But ere he went, enquiries made,
By what strange means they knew his trade.

" You put the cap on, and it fits,"
Reply'd one of the Yorkshire wits;
" Our words, in common acceptation,
Could not find out your occupation;
'Twas you yourself gave us the clue,
To find out both your trade and you.
Vain coxcombs, and fantastic beaus
In ev'ry place themselves expose;
They travel far at vast expence,
To shew their wealth and want of sense;
But take this for a standing rule,
*There's no disguise can screen a fool.*"

*A new Way to prevent Horses being frightened.*

" Indeed you have spoiled" said one citizen to another, " the look of your nag, by thus cropping his ears so close—you had a motive for so doing no doubt?" Why yes, friend Turtle, I had, for the horse had a strange nack of being frightened, and on the least occasion would prick up his ears and look for all the world as tho'f he had seen the devil; therefore, to prevent the like in future, *I cropt him.*"

*The celebrated Dr. Perne.*

Among the many brilliant flashes of wit attributed to this singular character, the following, perhaps,

perhaps, is one of his happiest strokes. The doctor happening to call a clergyman a fool, who was no totally undeserving of the title, but who resented the indignity so highly that he threatened to complain to his diocesan, the Bishop of Ely—"Do," says the doctor, "and he will *confirm you*."

*On a bad Singer.*

Swans sing before they die—'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons *die* before they sing.

*On a modern Dramatist.*

Not for the stage his plays are fit,
But suit the closet, said a wit.
"The closet?" said his friend, "I ween
The *water-closet* 'tis you mean."

*Portrait.*

"Could you not give a little expression to that countenance?" said a gentleman to an eminent English painter, who showed him a portrait, which he had just finished. "I made that attempt already," replied the painter, "but what the picture gained in expression it lost in likeness; and by the time there was a little common sense in the countenance, nobody knew for whom it was intended. I was obliged, therefore, to make an entire new picture, with the face perfectly like, and perfectly *meaningless*, as you see it."

*On Fancy; a Song.*

Tell me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head,
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it—Ding, dong, bell.

*The Historian.*

A young gentleman, endowed with a strong and retentive memory, had stored up in it without reflection or application, a succession of reigns, of battles and sieges, and often set a prating mal-à-propos, on such events. One of his companions expressed much surprize at his knowledge, and wondered how he had laid up such a store. "Why, truly," replied he with frankness, "it is all owing to my bungling blockhead of a valet, who takes up such an unconscionable time in dressing my hair that I am glad to read to keep from fretting; and as there are no newspapers or magazines to be had in this country, I have been driven to history, which answers nearly as well."

*An Apology for a black Complexion.*

Mistake me not for my complexion.
The shadow'd livery of the burning sun
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature, northern born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest; his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; by my love, I swear
The best regarded swains of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

*Epitaph.*

*Epitaph.*

Whisp'ring close a maid long courted,
Thus cry'd Drone, by touch transported—
" Prithee, tell me, gentle Dolly!
" Is not loving long a folly?"
" Yes," said she, with smile reproving,
" Loving long, and *only loving*."

*Prayers of no avail.*

The frequent prayers put up at times in the churches for rain, remind us of an honest West country parson, who when desired to pray for rain, answered, " I'll willingly do it to oblige you; but it is to no purpose, *while the wind is in this quarter*."

*Dialogue between an English gentleman and an Irish Innkeeper.*

Eng. Gent. Holloa, house?

Innkeeper. I don't know any one of that name.

Eng. Gen. Are you the master of the inn?

Inn. Yes, sir, please your honour, when my wife's from home.

Eng. Gent. Have you a bill of fare?

Inn. Yes, sir, the fair of Mollingar and Ballinaslee are the next week.

Eng. Gent. I see,—How are your beds?

Inn. Very well, I thank you, sir.

Eng. Gent. Have you any mountain?

Inn. Yes, sir, this country is full of mountains.

Eng. Gent. I mean a kind of wine.

Inn. Yes, sir, all kinds, from Irish white wine (butter milk) to burgundy.

Eng. Gent. Have you any porter?

Inn. Yes, sir, Pat is an excellent porter; he'll go any where.

Eng.

Eng. Gent. No, I mean porter to drink.

Inn. Oh, sir, he'd drink the ocean, never fear him for that.

Eng. Gent. Have you any fish?

Inn. They call myself an odd fish.

Eng. Gent. I think so. I hope you're no sharp.

Inn. No, sir, indeed I am not a lawyer.

Eng. Gent. Have you any soals?

Inn. For your boots or shoes, sir?

Eng. Gent. Psha! have you any plaice?

Inn. No. sir, but I was promised one if I would vote for Mr. B.

Eng. Gent. Have you any wild fowl?

Inn. They are tame enough now, for they have been killed these three days.

Eng. Gent. I must see myself?

Inn. And welcome, sir, I'll fetch you the looking glass.

*Epigram occasioned by the unparalelled high price of Bread.*

A benevolent sire, whose numerous race
At his want stricken table had each ta en their place,
With appetites sharpen'd by labour, were seen
To devour their allowance with relish most keen.
The first who had finish'd, pray'd, " Father more bread."
" You can have none;" the parent compulsively said.
The arch belov'd beggar replied, " By this knife,
You have told us that bread is the staff of our life."
" True, boy; but that friends may prove foes is now shown,
For that late friendly staff has knock'd me quite down."

*Scotch*

*Scotch Repartee.*

A countryman in Scotland, who was very fond of apples, especially if they came cheap, was one day getting over the hedge into his neighbour's orchard, who happening to be walking towards the spot at the time, cried out, "hoot, hoot, Sawny, where are thee ganging?" "Bock again, now you are there," replied the thief, with the utmost sang froid.

*Breslaw the Conjuror.*

This gentleman was some time ago at Canterbury, accompanied, as he generally is, by a vast number of inferior familiars, where he exercised his dexterity with so little effect, that the whole body of them had almost undergone starvation.—This was a fate which was deemed by the whole combined junto much more preternatural than any other effect of their art, and they set about a device to prevent its accomplishment. Mr. B—— went to the church-wardens, and proposed giving the profits of a night's performance to the poor, provided the parish would pay the expences of the house, &c. which they agreed to, and gave him the money he told them would be necessary for the purpose. An advertisement was accordingly inserted, and hand-bills circulated, announcing that Mr. B—— and his company would give one night's performance to the poor. The charitable artifice succeeded, and the house was filled. The next morning the parish officer waited upon the conjuror to receive the money for the purpose of distribution. "I have saved you that trouble," says Mr. B——, "I have already disposed of the money." "What!" replied the officers, "did you not

not promise in your bills that the profit of the benefit should be given to the poor!" "Very well," rejoined Mr. B——, "and I have been as good as my word; I have given it to my own company, who I am sure are de poorest people in dis parish." "Sir," resumed the officers, "this is a trick."—"I know it," says hocus pocus, "I live by tricks." The disappointed churchwardens found it was useless to set their wits against a conjuror's, and were obliged to depart without their booty.

*Gluttony.*

About ten years ago the Duke of Queensbury made a bet of ten thousand guineas, that he would produce a man who could eat more at a meal than any one Sir John Lade could find: The bet being accepted, the time was appointed; but his Grace not being able to attend the exhibition, he wrote to his agent to know what success, and accordingly received the following note—"My Lord, I have no time to state particulars, but merely to acquaint your Grace, that your man beat his antagonist by a *pig and an apple-pye.*"

*Careless Couple.*

Jemmy is poor, and I am poor,
Yet we will wed, so say no more;
And should the bairns you mention come,
As few that marry but have some,
No doubt but heaven will stand our friend,
And bread, as well as children send.
So fares the hen in farmer's yard,
To live alone she finds it hard;
I've known here weary ev'ry claw
In search of corn amongst the straw;

But

But when in quest of nicer food
She clucks amongst her chirpping brood,
With joy I've seen that self-same hen,
That scratch'd for one, could scratch for ten.
These are the thoughts that make me willing,
To take my girl without a shilling.
And for the self-same cause d'ye see,
Jenny's resolv'd to marry me.

*Quackery.*

A foolish idle fellow at Florence, hearing that a physician had obtained great credit and wealth by the sale of some pills, undertook to make pills himself and to sell them. He administered the same pills to all persons whatever; and as by chance they sometimes succeeded, his name became famous. A countryman called on him to know if his pills would enable him to find an ass which he had lately lost. The quack bad him swallow six pills. In his way home, the operation of the pills obliged him to retire into a wood, where he found his ass. The clown spread a report, that he knew a doctor who sold pills that would recover strayed cattle.—These pills must be of a very *searching* nature,

*Literature.*

Run for on Saltburn Sands on the 3d day of April 1800 A match by two Horses for ten Guines Each the best of two four-mile Heats and to carey Eight Stone Each Noallows for Wast Likewise a Tea Kettle to be shut for by far Board Guns Also Aside of Beaken to Be shut for on the a Bove proposals With other Devertion as yousel All Despuets Ariseng to Be thear Detrimened By two persens

Be

Be fore the Race Nomenated all Porsons that Wishes to shut for the a Bove Preses is Desered to mite at the Hous of William Lavereck Sene of Pak Hos Saltburn by Ten of the Clock in the for Nown upon a Count of the Hoses Runen By Two in the after Nown.

*Method of Selling a Wife. A Fact.*

The method of selling a wife, which I understand from experience, is for the head of the man to be ornamented with horns, and a collar round his neck, to which a ring and cord is fastened; the auctioneer is to lead the husband, and he the wife with a halter about her neck: Thus led a couple met me as I was taking a roam round the adjacent parts of a village in Yorkshire, curiosity led me to be one of the spectators. The auctioneer began to proceed to business, by informing the company present, that the parting was by mutual consent, to which the parties bowed approbation: He then put up the lot consisting of the lady and a purse of ten guineas, but found by sad experience that there was no demand for the article.—"A going, a going," said the auctioneer; "I assure you, gentlemen, you loose an excellent opportunity of making your fortune, and promoting future happiness; the money you bid is not near the value of the purse attached to the lot. He immediately after knocked down the article to a sedate old bachelor, who paid the money out of the purse and march'd off, amidst the acclamations of several thousand spectators.

*Anatomical Epitaph on an Invalid; Written by himself.*

Here lies an head that often ach'd;
Here lie two hands that always shak'd;
Here lies a brain of odd conceit;
Here lies a heart that often beat:
Here lie two eyes that daily wept,
And in night but seldom slept;
Here lies a tongue that whining talk'd;
Here lie two feet that feebly walk'd;
Here lies the liver, full of bile,
That ne'er secreted proper chyle;
Here lies the livid lobe, the spleen,
The source of life's sad tragic scene.
That left side weight that clogs the blood,
And stagnates nature's circling flood;
Here lie the nerves, so often twitch'd
With painful cramps, and painful stitch;
Here lies the skin, by scurvy fed,
With pimples and eruptions red;
Here lies the man from top to toe,
That fabric, fram'd for pain and woe.

*Petrarch.*

Certain historians assert that Pope Benoit the twelfth advised Petrarch to propose marriage to Laura, which the poet declined lest the familiarities of the married state should abate the enthusiasm of his admiration, and the ardour of his love.

"Parbleu," exclaimed a French officer who heard that observation; "Voila un animal bien délicat;"—"it is" added he, "as if a man was to refuse to eat his dinner lest it should spoil his appetite."

### *Two Deep.*

During the retreat of the British troops in Holland, while they were floundering through the mud in a part of the road uncommonly bad, a corps of the guards were much scattered, when the commanding officer called out to the men to form *two deep.* "Dam'me!" shouts a grenadier, from between two mountains of mud, "*I am too deep already;* I am *up to the neck.*"

### *A Character of an old Rake.*

Scorn'd by the wise, detested by the good,
Nor understanding aught, nor understood;
Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous and pert;
Proud without spirit, vain without desert:
Affecting passion vice has long subdu'd;
Desperately gay—and impotently lewd:
And as thy weak companions round thee sit,
For eminence in folly deem'd a wit.

### *Mr. Thicknesse.*

Some time ago, Mr. Thicknesse, father of the present Lord Audley, being in want of money, applied to his son for a little pecuniary assistance; which, being denied, he immediately hired a cobler's stall, directly opposite his lordship's house, and had a sign put up, on which were these words: "Boots and Shoes made and mended by Philip Thicknesse, *father* to Lord Audley." This answered the purpose; and Mr. Thicknesse was supplied with every thing he wanted, on condition that he would give up his stall.

*Legal*

*Legal Assistance.*

A tanner having invited a supervisor to dine with him, after pushing the bottle about pretty freely, the supervisor took leave, but in crossing the tan-yard, he unfortunately fell into a vat, and called loudly for the tanner's assistance to take him out, but to no purpose; "for," says the tanner, "if I draw a hide without giving twelve hours notice I shall be exchequered; but I will go and inform the exciseman." The poor man would have perished, had not a person accidentally come to his relief.

*A Duel.*

A captain in the army happened to go to see *Venice Preserved* acted in the town where his troops were quartered, with a friend who was a little hard of hearing, and of course he was obliged to speak to him pretty loud, or not to speak to him at all. Just as he was observing to him that the tallest of the senators of Venice was a trumpeter in his regiment; a shop-keeper of that small town cried—"Silence." "Upon my word, friend," said the captain, "you give the word of command a little too imperiously." "You must not disturb the company," answered he. "I am afraid," said the captain, "that both you and I disturb the company, and so if you will please to walk out with me, we will settle our business quietly ourselves, without disturbing any body." The shop-keeper declined this, and muttered something, none of which the captain distinctly heard except the word *impertinence*, which reduced the captain to the necessity of pulling off his wig, and throwing it in the shop-keeper's face. He called on the captain,

the next morning, who, as this was acting like a gentleman, thought it would be ungenerous to refuse putting himself on a footing with him. They met accordingly, and it is to do justice to the cit, to say that he fired his pistol very prettily for a tradesman, for the bullet pierced the corner of the captain's hat; and the captain, being convinced that on the whole he had been rather in the wrong, did not choose to kill the poor fellow, and so fired his pistol in the air. "Now," friend," said the captain, "you have damaged my hat full as much as I did your wig, so if you are satisfied our dispute may end here, if you are not you may take another shot." The shop-keeper declined the last, and agreed to the first proposal.

*To a perfumed Lady.*

Believe me, Chloe, those perfumes that cost
Such sums to sweeten thee are treasures lost;
Nor all Arabia would sufficient be,
Thou smell'st not of thy *sweets*, they *stink* of thee.

*On a Parish Clerk.*

Here lies, within his tomb, so calm,
Old Giles; pray sound his knell;
Who thought no song was like a psalm,
No music like a bell.

*An Order sent by a Farmer's Wife to a Tradesman in Town, for a scarlet Cardinal.*

Sir,

If you please to send me a scarlet cardinal—let it be full yard long, and let it be full, it is for a large woman, they tell me I may have a large one and a handsome one for eleven shillings, I should not

not be willing to give more than twelve, but if you have any as long, either duffel or cloth, if it comes cheaper I should like to have it, for I am not to give more than twelve shillings:—I beg you, Sir, to be so good as not to fail sending me this cardinal on Wednesday, without fail; let it be full yard long, I beg, or else it will not do—fail not on Wednesday, and by so doing you will oblige

Your humble servant, M. WINNS.

P. S. I hope you will charge your lowest price, and if you please not to send me a duffel one, but cloth, full yard long and full, and please to send it to Mr. Field's, the waterman who comes to the Bee-hive, at Queenhithe—pray dont send me a duffel one, but cloth; I have altered my mind, I should not like a duffel, but cloth—let it be full yard long, and let it be cloth, for I dont like duffel; it must not be more than twelve shillings at most: one of the cheapest you have, and full yard long, send two, both of a length, and both large ones, full yard long, both of a price, they be both for one woman, they must be exactly alike for goodness and price—fail not then on Wednesday, and full yard long.

*The bruising Parson.*

A certain bruising parson having been examined as a witness in the Court of King's Bench, the adverse counsel attempted to browbeat him. "I think you are the bruising parson," said he. "I am," said the divine, "and if you doubt it, I'll give it you under my *hand*."

*The Way to make a great Calf.*

A young country clergyman was boasting of having been educated at two colleges.—"You re-

mind me," said an aged divine present, "of an intsance I knew of a calf that sucked two cows." "What was the consequence?" said a third person. "Why, Sir," replied the old gentleman, very gravely, "the consequence was, that he was a *very great calf*."

*The Pilgrim and the Peas.*

*By Peter Pindar.*

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine.
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And in well-powder'd wig look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than *gravel;*
In short, their toes so gentle to *amuse,*
The priest had order'd *peas* into their shoes:

A *nostrum,* famous in old Popish times,
For purifying souls that stunk of crimes;
A sort of *apostolic salt,*
Which Popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping *souls* of sinners *sweet,*
Just as our *kitchen salt* keeps *meat.*

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed I wot:
One of the sinners gallopp'd on,
Light as a *bullet* from a gun,
The other limpt as if he had been *shot.*

One

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half way—
Hobbling with outstretch'd bum, and bended knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas:
His eyes in tears, his cheek and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathising with his groaning feet.

"How now!" the light-toed whitewash'd pilgrim broke
"You lazy lubber!"
"Odds curse it," cry'd the other, "'tis no joke—
"My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

"Excuse me, holy Virgin, that I swear—
As for Loretto, I shall not get there:
No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For dam'me if I han't lost every toe.

"But, brother sinner, do explain,
How 'tis that you are not in pain:
What power hath work'd a wonder for your toes?
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes.

"How is't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry as if that nought had happen'd? burn ye!"
"Why," cry'd the other grinning, "you must know,
That just before I enter'd on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to *boil my peas.*"

*The*

### *The Partners.*

A countryman having bought a barn in partnership with a neighbour, neglected to make use of it, whilst the other had plentifully stored his part with corn and corn. In a short time the latter came to him, and expostulated with him upon laying out his money in so fruitless a way. "Pray, neighbour," replied he, "never trouble your head about it; you may do what you please with your part of the barn, but I'll *set mine on fire.*"

### *The better Day the better Deed.*

Serjeant Davy being concerned in a cause which he wished to postpone, asked Lord Mansfield when he would bring it on? "On Friday next," said his lordship. "Will you consider, my lord, Friday next will be good Friday." "I don't care for that; the better day the better deed." "Well, my lord," says Davy, "you may do as you please, but if you do sit on that day, I believe you will be the first judge who did business on a *good Friday* since Pontius Pilate's time."

### *On a Sermon falling out of a Clergyman's Pocket.*

A sermon from a parson fell,
As he rode out one day;
The text was sure remarkable,
"Don't *fall out* by the way."

This may seem strange to some, no doubt,
But 'tis not so to me,
For text and sermon oft fall out,
And sadly disagree.

*Epitaph.*

*Epitaph on a Man who had a remarkable large Mouth.*

Here lies one as God shall him save,
Whose mouth was as wide as is his grave;
Reader—tread lightly o'er this clod,
For if he gapes, thou'rt gone by G—!

*Pius the VIth.*

Pius the VIth, the late Pope, had regular features, and a fine countenance; his person was strait, and his movements were graceful. Though in the winter of life, his cheeks still glowed with autumnal roses, which, at a little distance, appeared as blooming as those of spring. The women used to break out into exclamations in praise of the beauties of his face and person, as often as he appeared in public. On a jubilee occasion, as he was carried through a particular street, a young woman at a window exclaimed, "Quanto e bello!" ("How beautiful he is!) and was immediately answered by a zealous old lady at the window opposite, who, folding her hands in each other, and raising her eyes to heaven, she cried out, with a mixture of love for his person, and veneration for his sacred office, "Tanto e bello quantoe santo!" ("He is as *beautiful* as he is *holy*.")

*Physiognomy often Deceitful.*

An English gentleman happened once to sit by a foreigner of his acquaintance at the opera in the Hay-market, when a nobleman, illustrious for his eloquence, entered—he whispered to him, "That is Lord ———;" "Not surely the famous Lord ———?" said he. "Yes," said I, "the very same." "It must be acknowledged, then," continued

tinued he, "that the noble earl does infinite honour to those who have had the care of his education." How so," rejoined he. "Because" replied the foreigner, "a countenance so completely *vacant* strongly indicates a deficiency in natural abilities; the respectable figure he makes in the senate, I therefore presume, must be entirely owing to instruction.

*The good-natured Host.*

"You knows, measter, one must live and let live, as the saying is. Every man must eat, tho'f at another's expence—and I should be in a deadly hole if all my customers should take it in their heads to drink nothing but water-gruel because it is good for the constitution. Thank God I have as good a constitution as e'er a man in England, but for all that, I and my whole family *bleed* and *purge*, and take a diet drink twice a year, by way of serving the apothecary, who is a very honest man, and a very good neighbour."

*The Fox Hunter.*

Lately died at Goodleigh, in Devonshire, Mr. H. Stebbing, farmer, a very extraordinary character. He was a great fox hunter, and had collected as many foxes pads as covered the whole of his stable doors and posts, having been *in* at all their deaths. At his own request, a pad was placed in each of his hands when laid in his coffin and he was buried in that situation! He was interred in the parish church of Stoke, and his funeral was attended by the huntsmen and whippers-in belonging to the packs with which he had hunted.

*Verses.*

*Verses of Le Brun, to Forlenze, the Oculist.*

From blindness reliev'd by your skill so profound,
I can see, my dear doctor, what passes around;
And already perceive, (what I needs must deplore)
Of *friends many less*, and of *fools many more*.

*Original English Epigram.*

A lord in pow'r, who erst of Tom
Had freely borrow'd many a sum,
With promise off, and squeeze by hand,
Bade him his int'rest to command.

He begg'd (that he might live at ease)
A snug warm *place*, replete with *fees*.—
"Certain, my friend, I can't do less,
For you such kindness I profess."

At court Tom dangled many a year—
At length his *grateful* friend, the peer,
Gave him, in lieu of place and fees,
Another *promise*, and a *squeeze*.

*Colonel Van Grotten.*

In one of the late engagements in Holland, Colonel Van Grotten asked one of his lieutenants for a *quid* of tobacco. It was in the very heat of the contest, and a cannon-ball carried off the lieutenant in the act of presenting it. "I must be obliged to *you* then," said the colonel, *coolly*, turning to another officer, "for you see our friend is gone away with his *tobacco-box*."

*A Father's Opinion of Marriage.*

That was a good repartee which a father made to his friend, who advised him to prevent his son's marrying

marrying till he became wise. "You are wrong, my friend," said the father, "for if he ever becomes *wise*, he will *never marry*."

*Voyage through Life.*

The following history of Thomas Parker, who lately died in America, and who was an active naval officer during the late war, is extracted from his log book:

"*First part of the voyage.* [Alluding to the early part of his life.] Pleasant, with fine breezes and free winds—all sail set. Spoke many vessels in want of provisions—supplied them freely.

"*Middle passage.* Weather variable—short of provisions—spoke several of the above vessels our supplies had enabled to refit—made signals of distress—they up helm, and bore away. [Those whom he had formerly befriended, now, in his distrees, refused him assistance.]

"*Latter part.* Boisterous, with contrary winds—current of adversity setting hard to leeward—towards the end of the passage it cleared up. With the quadrant of honesty had an observation; corrected and made up my reckoning; and, after a passage of fifty years, came to in mortality road, with the calm unruffled surface of eternity in view."

*Drunkenness.*

A nobleman who was remarkably abstemious, was chiding one of his workmen for often getting drunk: "It is astonishing," said his lordship, "that all *good workmen* are addicted to drunkenness." "Then" said a lady who was standing by, "your lordship, I presume, *is not a good workman*."

*FINIS.*